

On the Way.

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✓
On the Way.

By ✓

Alexander B. Thompson, D. D.

NEW YORK:

1895.

“They that say such things declare plainly that
they seek a country.”

EP. to the HEBREWS XI : 14.

To the Memory of
My Wife.

MARY CARPENTER THOMPSON.

Died August 15, 1887.

On the morning of the seventh of February, 1895, after patiently enduring weary pain for many weeks, Dr. THOMPSON found "the country" he sought, and entered into "the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

"Eternal rest grant unto him O Lord,
And let perpetual light shine on him."

M. C. H.

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Index.

	PAGE.
Dandelions	9
Buttercups and daisies.....	11
The Yoke.....	13
Hammock musings	15
As in a glass, darkly.....	17
Night unto night showeth knowledge.....	19
Church bells	21
Sunset	23
Rest.....	25
He giveth His beloved sleep.....	27
Lamps burning.....	29
Show us the Father	31
Psalm XXIII	33
Pilgrim song.....	34
Thou hast beset me	35
This is the rest.....	37
Thy Will be done	39
God's Husbandry.....	41

Good-bye	43
Eventide.....	45
The gate of heaven.....	47
Mizpah	49
Able to save	51
Crossing the River.....	52
Out of Galilee.....	55
The Three Pillars.....	57
Behold! I stand at the door	59
We wrestle	60
Lord remember me.....	61
Foregleams.....	62
Face to face	64
From earth to heaven.....	66
The Cross and the Crown.....	68
The Two Sentinels	69
In the garden a new sepulchre.....	72
At the Mile Stone.....	74
Faint yet Pursuing	77
For a season	78
If need be.....	80
Took part of the same.....	82

'That they, without us, should not be made perfect	83
The Veil.....	85
No Night there.....	86
Till the day break.....	87
Made so much better than the Angels	89
Adoration.....	91
The Remnant.....	92
Thy will, not mine	94
My portion.....	95
Wayside Song.....	97
Love is strong as death	98



On the Way.

Dandelions.

Spangles of gold in amid the green,
Breaking with light through the grassy screen,
As if an angel had trodden there,
Leaving his footprints of beauty rare.

Or if, as ever an unseen hand
Torch-bearing, passed over all the land,
Here and there touching the way-side sod,
Setting aflame all these lamps of God.

First to proclaim that the spring is here,
With its warm breath and its eyebeams clear,
And its fair choristers, music sweet
Making, each step of its dainty feet.

Decking the tangle of leafy hair
Over earth's forehead, all brown and bare,
When she awakes at the robin's song
Ringing the meadows and woods along.

DANDELIONS.

Remnants of Paradise, signs divine
Of the day coming, when earth will shine
With the same beauty that graces Heaven;
Eden to Eden thus linking even.

Where did you gather your grains of gold,
Hoarding them up in the dark brown mold,
Under the lid of the grass-grown sod?
Oh, but who showed you this gold of God!

Never by culture of human hand
Spreading your beauty athwart the land,
Kissed by the ambient morning air,
Mayhap the angels your gardeners were.

Delicate clusters of seeds with wings,
Catching the wind-skirts, the fairy things,
Leaping at will to the grass-grown ground,
When a new place for a nest is found.

Aye! and your beauty of gold and grey,
Ever and ever it seems to say,
Flaming and soft in the sunlit dew,
Doth not your Father care more for you?

Buttercups and Daisies.

Buttercups and daisies,
 Silver threads and gold,
In and out the green grass
 Woven myriad-fold.
Sown by—who hath sown them?
 Who may have a care?
God Himself hath sown them
 In His garden fair.

Garniture resplendent
 Over hill and dale,
Spangles of the sunshine,
 Flakes of moonlight pale,
King-cups with their gold rims,
 Pearls embroidered over
Plain and valley, sparkling
 'Mid the ruddy clover.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

When their eyelids open
 In the sweet spring-tide,
Earth hath on apparel
 Fitting for a bride;
Delicately woven
 Over the brown clod,
Radiant with jewels
 For the eyes of God.

Like as doth His spring-breath
 Breathe fair life and bloom
Over frozen meadows
 Locked in winter's tomb,
So might God's own Spirit
 Breathe His life in me,
Dull and sere heart hiding
 With love's broidery.

The Yoke.

Under the shade of a walnut tree,
I leaned on the fence one summer day,
Watching the butterfly and the bee,
Breathing the fragrance of new-made hay.
The hayricks stood the meadow over,
Dark with the purple of faded clover,
And the farmer trudged around his field,
And laughed to think of the luscious yield.

Within the bars was an empty wain.
Its skeleton rack outspreading high,
But toughly wrought for the heavy strain
Surely to come on it by and by.
Heavy enough, thought I, and the pull,
What will it be when they fill it full,—
When the clumsy thing creeps up the road
Under the weight of its mighty load?

Anon they brought to the wagon's side
An ox that was grand for size and strength,
Stalwart and sleek, and with shining hide,
A sight to see in his height and length.
They put on his neck the heavy yoke
With hand as light as a baby's stroke;
Moveless he stood with a placid face,
As if they had put on him bands of lace.

THE YOKE.

Then to yoke in with this giant mild,
They brought a young bullock, slight and slim;
His limbs were trembling, his eyes were wild,
And they tried to get the yoke on him;
With snort of terror, and plunge and strain,
He tugged and pulled with his might and main;
Over and over away he broke,
Ere they could fasten on him the yoke.

But under the yoke went he at length;
The wain was piled with the fragrant store,
They heaped and pressed it with all their strength,
Till the creaking ribs would hold no more.
Then out of the field, along the road,
Away they went with the swaying load,
All by the strength of the great ox strong;
The load and the other he pulled along.

And there was something that said to me,
"This one unused to the yoke art thou;
Oh, but the other! how strong is He,
Who to thy burden was fain to bow.
Bending His neck to the dreadful strain,
Yoked by His Father to human pain,
Then to thee saying, "Yoke in with Me,
And I will carry thy load and thee."

Hammock Musings.

Here in my hammock I lie and swing
Under the shade of the apple-trees ;
Hither there comes to me on the wing
Of the mild westerly summer breeze,
Odor of clover-heads white and red,
Over the meadow-land freshly shed ;
Carpet is spread o'er the orchard old,
Silvery daisy and buttercup gold.

Hazy and dim on the broad blue rim,
Thrusting their heads in the very sky,
Massive and silent and rough and grim,
Stand up the sentinel mountains high.
Warders around the horizon they,
In their green panoply, helmed in grey,
Ever are saying, with ne'er a sound,
So His beloved is He around.

HAMMOCK MUSINGS.

Over the meadow-slopes farther down,
Louder than laugh of the merry brook,
Tinkles the bell of the cattle brown,
Luring the indolent eye to look.
Flashes a red-wingéd blackbird over
Reaches of golden-rod and sweet clover ;
Robins are going, with laugh and dash,
For the red clusters of mountain-ash.

Lazily drifting, the purple smoke
Floats from the mountain-side clearing yonder,
Where the deep forests of pine and oak
Fell, the sharp axe of the woodman under.
There, at the kiss of the lover sun,
Blushes of bloom o'er the fresh soil run,
And the gaunt, flame-blackened stumps between,
Patches of gold are, and lines of green.

Lowliest fern-frond and cliff sublime,
Marked with His monogram I behold ;
Purpose eternal revealed in time,
Witnessing as in the ages old.
Ravine of rock over lowland fair,
Balmy and sweet music-laden air,
Birds in the branches, and clouds above,
Brightness of beauty and life in love.

As in a glass, darkly.

'Tis a fair vision when the gate of day
The angels swing
Wide, for the chariot in superb array
Of morning, coming up the heavenly way,
As rides a king.

And fair, when as the gorgeous day-beams sweep
O'er earth and sky,
Flushes with ruddy smile the rock-cliff steep,
And golden glory clothes the hoary deep,
The mountains high.

Fair, when their offering pure without alloy,—
A dew-filled cup,—
The flowers with hands that tremble with the joy,
Anemone, white daisies, violets coy,
Are lifting up.

Fair, when the bluebird, first-born of the spring,
Flaunts in the air
His azure vesture; when, on nimble wing,
The oriole flashes with a radiant fling;
'Tis wondrous fair.

AS IN A GLASS, DARKLY.

What will it be to see these very things
 With heaven-lit sight;
Clear from the darkening haze that sorrow brings,
Clear from the shadows creeping 'neath the wings
 Of earthly light ?

All these to see, but not by mortal sense,
 Inert and vain ;
That sees but dimly, by the light intense
Blinded, bewildered, darkened only thence,
 And dull with pain.

We walk in twilight, often into night
 Declining fast;
But they, the blesséd, walk in perfect light,
That needs no sunbeam for unhindered sight.
 Day breaks at last.

Not always in a glass, and darkly so,
 Our sight will be.
These things of God, and more than now we know
Or dream, His love will to His children show.
 Wait patiently !

Right unto night sheweth knowledge.

Let there be light! His Spirit waketh
Out of its sleep
The dark void deep;
Then light, born of His word, He taketh.
The angel of His will,
His mandate to fulfill;
The flame His minister He maketh.

Swifter than runs the swiftest river,
The subtle ray
Flashes its way ;
Swifter than shaft from archer's quiver.
If daring numbers sought
To measure, they are nought :
Swifter than aught but thought's quick shiver.

What thought of man the two combineth,
Imagining
That it can bring
In one, whence light came, whither shineth?
Its milestones are the years
Shot past ere light appears
On our dim sight. So it divineth.

NIGHT UNTO NIGHT SHOWETH KNOWLEDGE.

We hail the morn, how little dreaming
That wealth of good,
In endless flood,
From myriad suns on us is streaming.
Dazed by the nearest sun,
As if the only one,
It is light's source to our seeming.

But down the west with regal splendor,
And out the gate,
In gorgeous state,
Goes he, and falls the evening tender;
Then from the ether far
Star shineth after star,
In beauty delicate and slender.

And then we see, by night's sweet showing
Grandly revealed,
What day concealed,
Ten thousand streams of glory flowing,
That never cease to flow ;
But only night can show
What lavish light God is bestowing.

Church Bells.

The music of a choir of bells,
In winsome harmony,
Comes rippling down the pleasant air,
As wavelets on the sea.
No dirge of time is in their chime,
But only signal given,
As night and day we march away,
That we come nearer heaven.

The struggle sore for daily bread
Goes on 'till set of sun,
Then pauses, when they give the sign
That day's long work is done.
Then weary feet to welcome sweet
From toil and travail come,
When from the tower they call the hour
Of rest and peace and home.

When comes the day, the blessed day,—
The best of all the seven,—
That sets wide open every door
Between our hearts and heaven,

CHURCH BELLS.

Then great and small these sweet bells call
Up to the house of prayer,
And at their cry the passer-by
Goes in and worships there.

When drearily the dust of death
Lies on the temple floor,
And "earth" upon its way "to earth"
Is brought within the door,
The solemn toll for parted soul
Sounds sadly overhead,
While down the aisle in long defile,
The living bear the dead.

We change from spring to summer days,
To autumn, winter sere,
But they all days, year in and out,
Ring vibrant out, and clear;
And all the same as first they came
To us in childhood's day,
Will their sweet chimes ring on betimes,
'Till time has passed away.

Sunset.

Slowly all around us gather
Shadows of the eventide;
Home we come to Thee O Father,
Suffer us with Thee to bide.
Heartfelt thanks to Thee we render
That at length must labor cease;
Small our strength, our courage slender,
Need have we of rest and peace.

Bright with dew-drops was the morning,
Golden-fair the early light,
Earth and sea and sky adorning
With its splendor pure and bright.
Birds their matin-song were singing,
In the fragrant leafy bowers;
Incense-breathing, worship-bringing,
Were the glory-vested flowers.

We from quiet rest were waking,
At the gentle touch of day;
From the bonds of slumber breaking,
Faring to our work away.

SUNSET.

All day long Thine angels holy,
Sent to help us by their King,
Be we lofty, be we lowly,
Have our steps been following.

Lord of angels, Saviour Jesus!
While Thy watchful hosts are near,
Harm or evil cannot seize us,
Therefore will we know no fear.
Stronger than the strongest angel
Art Thou, ever by our side,
So has taught us Thine evangel:
In that faith we will abide.

Therefore, though the shadows darken,
Cheerily we fare along,
Sure, Thine ear of love will hearken
While we sing our pilgrim-song.
Light of life, departing never,
Light of earth, and Light of heaven,
Earthly suns may set, but ever
Will Thy love make light at even.

Rest.

What rest is there for him who knows no labor!

Hands idly folded all the livelong day,
Never a thought to give to friend or neighbor,
No toil to share, no load to lift away.

How can rest come to him who has no sorrow!

Life drifting smoothly and serenely by,
Each bright day followed by a bright to-morrow,
And not a cloud within his sunlit sky.

What rest for sinews that are never weary!

For life that falters not beneath the strain,
For eyes that weep not in the darkness dreary,
Heart that goes not alone in smothered pain!

But rest, at length, how sweet to them who under

The heavy burden, tremulous and faint,
Can neither pause nor turn, and yet who wonder
If ever peace will soften sorrow's plaint.

REST.

And rest how passing sweet, when to love's waiting,
Weary and sore, forevermore is given
Love's fair fond treasure, its long pain abating,
Once and eternally, in the glad heaven.

When toil-worn feet, the last lone reaches making,
Up to the Father's door of life have come,
And out of lips the fairest, dearest, breaking,
Welcome forever greets the weary home.

Then, nevermore can sin or sorrow seize us;
Has He not promised: "I will give you rest?"
At rest, at home, in Paradise, with Jesus;—
Could weary heart be more supremely blest?

He giveth His beloved sleep.

Oh precious gift of thoughtful love!

To weariness the timeliest

That it can need or ask, above

All price, the benison of rest!

The rest that help and healing brings

To wakeful eyes that watch and weep

Beneath its strong and silent wings.

He giveth His beloved sleep.

And then to them who lovingly

His tender hand to sleep hath stilled,

He giveth on in full and free

Bestowal, till all need is filled.

To sinew strength, so it may bear

The burden of another day,

To failing heart the will to dare

The strain and peril of the way.

And thus there cometh by His gift,

Out of this mimic death of sleep,—

Marvel of love,—the silent lift

To fuller life, whose feet can keep

Upon the rugged way their hold,

And steadily can onward fare,

Come toil and trouble manifold,

Gladness or sadness, peace or care.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

He giveth sleep, with gentle hand,
From weary limb and throbbing brain,—
His angel,—to unclasp the band
That holds them prisoners to pain;
In slumber sweet He giveth peace,
Longer or shorter let it be,
Yet for the while a glad release,
A welcome, blest immunity.

Sometimes the waking here below
Is only to another morn
Of time on earth; but even so
His own to fresher life are born,
And sometimes they from sleep awake
Not here, but on the other side;
And so to them has come the break
Of the transcendent morning-tide.

A quiet sleep, the last, will be
His gift to His beloved, when
They lie at rest as peacefully
As lay their buried King: and then,
As angels rolled away the stone,
And forth in glory came the King,
With them, like as with Him, His own
God will to life immortal bring.

Lamps burning.

I did not build the lofty light-house tower
At the reef's end, beacon by day and night:
Its solid strength came not by wit or power
Of mine, nay nor its clear, far-sweeping light.

Not from my brain evolved the kindly thought,
How, storm or calm, a timely warning may
Wait for the sailor, by the lenses wrought
So skillfully, set in such grand array.

'Tis only mine, as shadows fall, to climb,
Often with failing feet, the slender stair,
And light with feeble hand the lamp, in time,
Ere night and tempest set a fatal snare.

And if, far off on the dark wind-swept sea,
Some watchful eye shall catch the signal gleam,
And heed the warning given it faithfully,
Though but for it, no peril near may seem;

LAMPS BURNING.

And I sit in a dark room down below

The blazing beacon, mine to light and tend,
And of that glad escape may never know—

What then ! the light-house has fulfilled its end.

If in my station, be it gale or calm,

I stand, feet weary, eyes at length grown dim,
But God's lamp burns; I may not hear the psalm
Of rescue sweet, but it will rise to Him.

Show us the Father.

Show! Can He show
To mortal eye
What mortal eye was never made to see?
Can man the Father of eternity
By vision know?

Crimson and gold
Of early dawn,
Topaz and emerald and amethyst,
In radiant flashes through the sunset mist,
He can unfold;

The stars of snow,
The pearls of dew,
Chalice of flower, cedar of Lebanon,
Mountain of lightning-riven rock whereon
The sun-rays glow:

In time of spring,
A dainty shred
Of sky, wrought deftly for the blue-bird's vest,
A gleam of light where orioles make their nest,
And sit and sing:

SHOW US THE FATHER.

Love's angel face,
The tender-eyed
And delicate, lit with the sweet soft rays
Of mother-fondness, all life's weary days;
God's gift of grace:

These patiently
He showeth us.

What more? For that wild prayer: "Show me," He
The daring seer, in the rock-cleft hid: [chid
"Thou canst not see."

Yet mystery,—
Listen, O heart!—

"Not know Me and so long hast with Me been?
He that hath seen Me hath the Father seen."
Now dost thou see,

That Christ hath trod,
With feet of love,
Wearily, our sad way on earth, that He
By the dread sacrifice of Calvary,
Might show us God!

Psalm xxiii.

Jehovah is my Shepherd, I
Shall never want, for He
In His green pastures makes me lie,
And His calm restful waters by,
Is ever leading me.

My soul restored and rightly led,
What harm can me betide?
Though the death-shadowed vale I tread,
Yet there no evil will I dread,
Close by, my heavenly Guide.

Thy rod and staff they comfort me,
My table Thou hast spread,
Where all mine enemies can see;
With oil of sweetest fragrancy,
Thou dost anoint my head.

My cup runs over; goodness, Lord,
And mercy follow me
My life long, at Thy gracious word,
And ever will Thy house afford
A dwelling place to me.

Pilgrim Song.

Wayfarers in the wilderness,
By morn, and noon, and even,
Day after day, we journey on
With weary feet towards heaven.

By day the cloud before us goes,
By night the cloud of fire,
To guide us o'er the trackless waste,
To Canaan ever nigher.

Each morning find we, as He said,
The dew of daily manna;
And ever when a foe appears,
Confronts him Christ our Banner.

The sea was riven for our feet,
And so will be the river;
And by the King's highway brought home,
We'll praise His Name forever.

O land above! O land of love!
The glory shineth o'er thee;
O Christ our King, in mercy bring
Us thither, we implore Thee!

Thou hast beset me.

Strange word to use of God, that word:

Beset. I read it o'er and o'er
As David wrote it: "Thou hast, Lord,
Beset me both behind, before."
My heart asks if I dare affirm
Such wonderful proximity
Of Him to me; I, sinful worm,
He, Father of eternity.

Then on the apostle's page I read

This same word, in his counsel given
To him who would at length succeed,
In running for the prize of heaven:
"Lay every weight aside, the sin
That doth so easily beset."
As if, so only could he win,
For fettered feet ne'er won it yet.

What means the word? I seem to see

The Isthmian runner, lithe and strong,
Stripped to his waist, from hindrance free;
There lies, laid by, his garment long—
His garment, that at every bound
Would take his shape, and tie his limb.
Now will he wrap himself around
With it, then run? Madness in him!

THOU HAST BESET ME.

Like that same garment is some sin
Cleaving to me, my fateful foe
Its deadly power of hindrance in,
Its power to trip and lay me low,
At every step my shape to take,
Tangle and hold my stumbling feet,
Purpose and effort thus to break,
And wrap me like a winding-sheet.

That means the word; but can it be
That close as that God's life to mine
Clings, ever thus enfolding me
Not hindrance with, but help divine?
So David sang: "Behind, before
Thou hast beset me, and Thy hand
Is laid upon me." Could I more
Ask or receive? So, Lord, I stand.

This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the
weary to rest.

Oft, like the Psalmist, do we cry:
Oh that a dove's swift wings had I,
Where evil could no more molest,
I'd fly away and be at rest.

But what if, with a stronger wing,
Evil were ever following?
And what if pain and grief and care
Should haunt and hurt me even there?

What but the grave can give release!
The wicked there from troubling cease,
Its quietness is manifest,
And there the weary are at rest.

Can rest no other where be found?
Mine ear hath caught a winsome sound:
"O heavy-laden come to Me,
And I will give rest unto thee."

I know the voice of Him I love,—
The Friend all other friends above,—
I come to Him; so ends my quest.
Return, my soul, unto thy rest!

THIS IS THE REST WHEREWITH YE MAY CAUSE
THE WEARY TO REST.

Didst Thou not make me for Thine own,
Light in Thy light to see alone,
And restless evermore to be,
Till I should find my rest in Thee!

Thine easy yoke, O Christ, I take,
Thyself my true Yokefellow make.
I ask no more; supremely blest,
Mine is at length the perfect rest.

My home, my hope, my heart above,
Light, life, and rest to me Thy love,
What more than this, in Thee to live,
Have I to ask, hast Thou to give!

Thy Will be done.

Thy will be done! mean we His will,
Whose awful power could by a word
With light the void primeval fill?
Whose voice things uncreated heard,
And hearing, into being sprang
Out of the chaos wild and dim,
'Till o'er His work all perfect, rang
The jubilant angelic hymn?

Who can His potent will resist,
Or even ask, "What doest Thou?"
Who can compel Him to desist
From plan of His, or show Him how
To do His work! Is any higher?
Will any dare to claim His seat,
Whose voice divides the flames of fire,
The hurricane beneath His feet?

Thy will be done! Or do we mean
His will, who silent because strong,
Amid all things, seen or unseen,
Through centuries and ages long,
Carries His purpose calmly through,
Summer and winter, night and day,
A sparrow or a realm unto,
And in His own self-chosen way.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Then, with a paralyzing chill,
Returns on us the stern demand :
Could any e'er defeat His will,
Or safely mock at His command ?
His will, Who sees and makes the end,
To Whom the ages are as hours,
Whose strength omnipotent can bend
Or break, at will. all feebler powers!

Nay, but the blesséd prayer we pray,
As taught it Christ the Incarnate Son,
And from our hearts all trustful, say:
Our Father, may Thy will be done!
Father! the word its all doth mean:
Our Father! none are fatherless;
True Father hath He ever been,
True to provide, defend, and bless.

And when knew men that they might say
"Our Father," when to God they came,
'Till Jesus taught them how to pray,
And put upon their lips His name!
Not "Maker," "Ruler," do we cry,
Not Holy, Awful, Mighty One,
But "Father," loving, tender, nigh,
"Our Father," may Thy will be done!

God's husbandry.

I asked a husbandman: Did God set thee
To make the ground, that lies beneath thy feet?
When time had branched out from eternity,
Didst thou in motion set the forces meet
For such a work,—flood, flame and glacial cold,
To melt and grind the rock to fertile mold?

Or did He bid thee make the tiny seed,—
Its outer coat of mail, its compact store
Of sustenance against its time of need,
And deep within, behind its double door,
The vital germ, that would need none to show
To it the way to live, to spring, to grow?

Or did He wait for thee to call the sun
To take his place in yonder azure heaven,
And pour life from his depth of life upon
The eager earth each day, from morn till even?
Art thou the father of the rain? Dost know
The loom that weaves the fabric of the snow?

GOD'S HUSBANDRY.

Or doth the Maker of the earth, the rain,
The sun, the seed, only depend on thee
To sow His seed upon His spring-tide plain,
Which He made rich in its fertility,
And then to leave it, till, beneath His care,
It grow and ripen in a harvest fair?

Toiler for God, doth not this clearly tell
What of thy love His bounteous love doth ask:
No more, no less, than thou canst do full well,
And, doing, share with God the pleasant task.
God's seed sow in God's ground, and leave it there;
Not thine, but His, to make it spring and bear.

Good=bye.

Who stays to think that our "good-bye"
At first, was not a wish, but prayer:
A thought of help forever nigh,
And "God be with you" everywhere!

"Not as the world doth give," said He,—
Who of all men on earth was true,—
To His disciples tenderly,
"Give I My parting word to you."

Then said He, "Peace with you I leave,
My peace, O friends! to you I give,
Let not your hearts be sad—believe!
They that believe in Me shall live."

Oh that upon our hearts might He
Breathe evermore that selfsame word!
And oh that our "good-bye" might be
Prayer for the presence of our Lord!

Could clearer, surer pledge be given?
Could even He a better send
Than that with which He went to heaven:
"Lo, I am with you to the end?"

GOOD-BYE.

What need we but with trustful heart
Cling to His word of hope and cheer
And say, "with me Thou always art,
Therefore no evil will I fear!"

Then, as along these earthly ways,
With weary feet we go and come,
Long winter nights, long summer days,
But every footfall nearer home ;

"Not as the world," our lips shall say :
Peace and good-bye; whene'er we part,
Until we reach, some coming day,
The blessing of the pure in heart.

Eventide.

Shadows lengthen, day declines;
Over all the grassy lea
Long and longer-growing lines
Creep from every rock and tree.

From the yellow harvest-field
Slowly comes the creaking wain
Laden with the golden yield,
Sheaf on sheaf of ripened grain.

Darkness deepens now, and soon,
In her spotless apron white,
Will there stand the damsel moon,
Hand-maid of the coming night.

From the meadow slowly come,
Through the fields of purple clover,
Lowling herds reluctant, home,
Cropping as they cross them over.

EVENTIDE.

As if curtains were unbound
By the angels, and let fall
All the noisy world around,
Steals the quiet over all.

Here and there the boldest stars
Look out from the upper land,
On the gate, upon whose bars
Little children climb and stand;

Waiting, watching eagerly,
Rosy faces, restless feet,
Who will be the first to see,
First to give the welcome sweet.

Symbol of another gate—
We will reach it by and by,—
And another troop who wait
For us, in the home on high.

The gate of heaven.

Weary and worn the fugitive lay down
And fell asleep upon the stony ground;
No friend at hand, afar from tent or town,
Only the stars above, darkness around.

And then he dreamed : a ladder bright and high
Sprung from the ground, his hard unyielding bed,
Whose shining top leaned firmly on the sky,
Amid the stars that clustered o'er his head.

Angels were going up and down its bars :
Above it stood the Lord, in light so fair,
That faint and fainter grew the ruddy stars,
And soft sweet radiance filled the midnight air.

“I am the Lord, thy fathers' God;” the sound
Dropped down the air with music rarely sweet :
“I am the Lord, and on this self-same ground,
Shall tread, one day, thy glad returning feet.”

THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

Never, in all the years of toil before

 This lonely sleeper in that rugged place,
Which yet, in truth, to him was heaven's own door :
 Did he forget that sight and sound of grace.

And all came true. So will it ever be.

 O heart of faith, alone, beset with fears;
The gate of heaven is always near to thee;
 God with thee in thy life of toil and tears.

At last, thou wilt come home to perfect rest ;

 Thou who hast chosen God, Who first chose thee ;
Thy place, within the Father's house; thy blest
 Inheritance, life, love, eternally.

Mizpah.

Mizpah ! God be the Watcher
 Whene'er our ways divide,
And thine go to the one hand,
 Mine to the other side.
And yet, though far asunder
 Thy way and mine may be,
God, in His sleepless mercy,
 Keep watch 'twixt thee and me.

Whatever may befall thee,
 In sunshine or in rain ;
In gladness or in sadness,
 In pleasure or in pain ;
By day God's hand defend thee,
 By night His angels make
Their camp around thy dwelling,
 Until the morning break.

MIZPAH.

When thou art faint and weary,
When thou hast gone astray,
The hand of the Good Shepherd
Restore thee to the way.
Whatever cross thou bearest,
God make it to bear thee ;
The Lord, with thee forever,
Thy Cheer and Comfort be.

If He shall be thy Watcher,
And in His hand keep thine,
No evil can befall thee,
The loved of Love divine,
And when the journey's over,
Then, safe at home, we'll say,
'T was a good watchword : Mizpah !
For pilgrims in the way.

Able to save.

By Jacob's ancient well
Sat Jesus, long ago;
The water-bearer heard Him tell
Where living waters flow.

The beggar, day by day,
Sat in a hopeless night,
Until the Master passed that way
And said: "Receive thy sight!"

The Gentile mother craved
A crumb of healing power;
The child for whom she prayed, was saved
That very self-same hour.

Beside Bethesda's pool,
He to the palsied said,—
Before he prayed to be made whole :—
"Rise, and take up thy bed!"

"O Lord, remember me,"
The dying robber cries:—
"This day," saith Jesus, thou shalt be
With Me in Paradise."

Crossing the River.

The river ran with rush and roar
Of freshet-flood, athwart the way
Of Israel, though the other shore
Was Canaan ; in its beauty lay
The land of promise, fair and bright,
And winsome to their eager sight.

At length their weary feet have come
To Jordan's side; and, pausing there,
Beyond the river lies the home
Long promised, palm-decked, fertile, fair.
How shall they cross to reach it? Lo!
The heavenly word is: "Forward go!"

Into the water? But they shrink
From venturing the rushing flood.
Not here, as on the Red Sea's brink,
Stands Moses with his outstretched rod.
Yet they, like others long ago,
Shall find God in the overflow.

CROSSING THE RIVER.

So they go forward, till the shore
The priests have reached, that sunbright morn.
With steps unfaltering, before
Their eyes the holy ark is borne :
The mercy-seat, the cherubim,
Come to the water's very brim.

But when the feet of them that bare
The ark of God stepped in the wave.
The water shrunk away, and there
A broad and open pathway gave.
And they may sing, as on they tread.
"The waters saw Thee, Lord, and fled."

So will God help. Across our way
May run a river wide and deep,
And we may stand, and shrink, and pray,
May tremble, hesitate, and weep,
As if it never could be crossed,
And we forsaken are, and lost.

Sometimes it may be that His love
Will cleave the flood before our eyes,
And He will from our way remove
The hindrance which our courage tries;
And then, upon the other shore,
Timbrel and song may Him adore.

CROSSING THE RIVER.

And sometimes, there will be the word,
His only answer: "Forward go!"
With us forever is the Lord;
The path of life His love will show;
Jesus before us, at our side,
Why should we fear the swollen tide?

Out of Galilee.

Shall Christ come out of Galilee?

The heart of sin self-blinded saith :

The Christ of ancient prophecy;—

Can good come out of Nazareth?

Must He not be of nobler line,

And bearing in His very face

The grandeur of a strength divine,

Unmarred by sorrow's lightest trace?

No prophet is from Galilee ;

This Man, Who comes from Nazareth.

This lowly One,—how can it be

That He is Lord of life and death?

So they sat on in Moses' seat,

In scornful unbelief and pride,

And chose, themselves of life to cheat,

And in their dreary darkness died.

And they knew not that God had given

His Son, the Christ for men to be :

Sent first to Bethlehem from heaven,

Sent afterward, to Galilee,

In humble Nazareth to share,

By mortal poverty and woe,

By toil and tears, by pain and care,

Our struggle in the world below.

OUT OF GALILEE.

What if, to leave on labor sore
His Father's benediction sweet,
He passed beneath the hamlet door
And came and went with weary feet,
That so on toilsome life might come,
On pillow hard, on scanty fare,
On daily work, on darkened home,
Calm peace of heart, contentment rare !

So did the Elder Brother know,—
The Brother for adversity,—
How bitter is our cup of woe.
How sick and sore our hearts can be;
For He hath shared the very same,
Lived in our life and died our death;
On His dear heart the burden came,
And He lived once in Nazareth.

We kneel and kiss His garment's hem
Who to our lot surrendereth ;
The Virgin's Son of Bethlehem,
The patient Man of Nazareth.
His feet the path we tread, have trod
In lines of light to show the way.
The way through earth to heaven and God,
Through darkness to eternal day.

The Three Pillars.

'Αρίστευε. Σπεῦδε. Κάμψον.

Along the stadium, of old,
In which the Grecian runner ran,
Stood, each with an inscription bold,
Three pillars, seen of every man.

The first,—where stretched the slender line
Athwart the eager athlete's breast,
Which fell, to give to him the sign
To start, had on it: Do your best!

The next,—that at the half-way curve,
A single step he might not waste,
Nor from the closest turning swerve,—
Stood, with the word of warning: Haste!

The third,—abreast the goal, whose prize
His outstretched hand would touching, earn,—
With this glad token met his eyes,
And greeted him the victor: Turn!

THE THREE PILLARS.

O runner, whatsoever place
Thou holdest in the heavenly line,
Mark well these words, and run the race
So as to win the prize divine.

A crown corruptible was all
They, at the best, could e'er attain ;
Whilst thou obedient to the call
Of God, a crown of life canst gain.

Behold! I stand at the door and knock.

Miracle of heavenly kindness,
Love and pity! can it be!
Jesus waiting! in my blindness,
Never saw I it was He
Knocking at my door, until
I should answer; knocking still!

And yet, it hath seemed so often
It could be no human hand.
Heart of stone! that did not soften,
Suffered Him without to stand;
Did not rise and let Him in,
Foolish, wretched heart of sin!

Woe is me for such behaviour;
What, if He had turned away!
Oh, but enter, patient Saviour,
Enter in this very day;
I will sit at Thy dear feet
Tears of love Thy love will greet!

We wrestle.

When will this weary strife be ended!

 Wrestling with sin,
As if by help divine defended,
By heavenly allies close attended,
 Sometimes I win.

But often, ah how often, failing,
 Swept from my feet,
My utmost effort unavailing,
Nought left me but a bitter wailing,
 My fall to greet.

As if my foe, with malice cruel,
 Would wrench from me
My hope, my precious heavenly jewel,
And gain in this unequal duel,
 The mastery.

Were it my strength alone, oh surely
 Then I should fall.
Matched against power unseen so poorly,
Keeping my hold so insecurely,
 I should lose all.

O Jesus, Thou hast known temptation,
 My Champion!
Now, while in this imperilled station
I stand, Lord be Thou my Salvation.
 Till life is won!

Lord, remember me !

Saviour gentle, Saviour lowly,
Meek and quiet Lamb of God,
Thou, with patience pure and holy,
Sorrow's dreary way hast trod ;
By thy cross of agony,
Lord of love, remember me !

Thou didst pray in bitter anguish,
Prostrate in Gethsemane ;
Thou upon the cross didst languish ;
Lord of love, remember me !
By Thy cross of agony,
Lord of love, remember me !

Saviour mighty, Saviour glorious,
Thou art crowned with thorns no more ;
Lord and Leader, all-victorious,
Heaven and earth Thy Name adore
By Thy crown of victory,
Lord of life, remember me !

Thine the kingdom is forever,
Thine all might and majesty,
Death, again, can hurt Thee, never !
Lord of life, remember me !
By Thy crown of victory,
Lord of life, remember me !

Foregleams.

What we call memory,
Is really but the power of inward vision,
A bright fore-gleaming of the life elysian,
Wherein, at will set free
From every accident of time and place,
What we have had we keep, by God's dear grace.

So, to us it may come,
That all God's gifts irrevocable are ;
Once to have had the vision bright and fair,
That came in the dear home
Of love on earth, which He to us has given,
Is evermore to have it, even in heaven.

And without eyes we see ;
For He has given us image-making power,
By which we sit alone some quiet hour,
And fashion vividly
What we have never seen with mortal eyes,
And will not see till we reach Paradise.

FOREGLEAMS.

Thank God, time cannot stay!
A line between our future and our past,
Nothing is there that flits along so fast.

It ever slips away
Just as we touch it ; life and love endure,
Heedless of time ; their hold, in Christ, is sure.

Thus past and future both
The real present are to us, and we,
Outside of time, live in eternity :

We will be nothing loth
Ere long, to hear the mighty angel say :
There shall be time no longer : then 'that day.'

Fast locked in sleep we dream.
And then, fair face we see, sweet voice we hear,
Dear hand we touch, no longer gone, but near ;
Just as of old they seem.

Is it unreal, or reality ?
For without mortal sense, we hear, touch, see.

Sense is the implement
And not the power ; well used, the two seem one,
But when the work of mortal sense is done,
We will be well content
With sense immortal, in God's life to be ;
Whereof even now we have the prophecy.

face to face.

Vision, but not by mortal eye!
Doth that seem strange?
And yet beneath the broad blue sky
Above our heads, a bird can fly
Out of our range.

Step after step a flower we crush
In summer days,
So small we do not see the blush
Upon its cheek, its ruddy flush,
Its golden rays.

At night shines out star after star
Along the sky,
But myriads beyond them far,
Behind the silver-studded bar,
Unseen do lie.

The light that maketh manifest
To mortal eyes,
Cannot the fairest and the best
Reveal ; so much we see, the rest
Behind it lies.

FACE TO FACE.

To the wild cry : O God to me
 Some vision give,
Here in this mortal life of Thee !
Lo the reply : Thou canst not see
 My face and live !

When He shall rend the veil, then we,—
 By His dear love,—
In life's transcendent liberty,
All need of mortal sense will be
 Set far above.

Then with the King in Paradise,—
 Oh, rarest place !—
We with our own in glad surprise
Will see, not with dull mortal eyes,
 But face to face.

From earth to heaven.

A gift from out the heaven above,
Fair as an angel did he seem ;
And so to our exultant love
Came true its boldest brightest dream.

What witchery had laid its power
On brain and heart!—for brighter shone
The daylight, fairer was each flower,
Home's music took a sweeter tone.

And then,—one woeful summer day,
So suddenly the light grew dim,
And life grew weary, and our way
Grew desolate for want of him,

Our hearts in dreary burial
Went with him underneath the sod ;
And hope and joy at his recall
Had died, but for the help of God.

Our youth was stalwart then, and now
Years, cares have cut their monogram
In wrinkled lines on us, but how
Can we forget our folded lamb.

FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN.

The treasure bright, and rich, and rare,
He brought to make our joy complete,
His merry lip, his golden hair,
His dimpled hand, his tiny feet,

Were never more to waste or change
In the fierce rush of earthly years,
Nor he to grow to likeness strange,
And we be left to sickening fears.

Sheltered and saved from tempests wild
Of ill, he was to be in heaven
Forever more, our little child;
Unchanged, save fairer, dearer, even.

E'en here the same ;—years speed, but he
The same sweet child is, winsome, fair,
In the firm hold of memory;
E'en here the same ;—how surely there!

The Cross and the Crown.

Sleep ! safely folded to thy rest,
Till the day break and shadows flee,
Above us all supremely blest,
Safe home so soon, all joy to thee !

We thought to take thee by the hand,
And lead thee up the shining way
That compasseth the Eden land,
The radiant land of endless day.

But Jesus called thee—and thy feet
Ours far outran—and went above,
Guarded and guided by the sweet
Companionship of heavenly love.

The chrystal signet of the King
Once laid upon thy forehead fair,
Through weakness, pain, and suffering,
Untarnished thou didst safely bear.

Christ's little soldier, meek and true,
Thy short sharp warfare now is done ;
The cross is borne : the struggle through ;
And now the golden crown is won.

The Two Sentinels.

I know where on a hillside grows
A dogwood tree, whose snow-white flowers,
When springtide days grow long, it throws
Down on the grass in lavish showers.
Some on the green slope lie, amid
The clover blooms and violets fair,
And some fall only to be hid
Between the hillocks mounded there.

And there beneath the dogwood tree,
Amid the mounds, a shaft of stone
Bears witness that these hillocks be
The place where love has laid its own.
The summer flowers were not yet gone
When some were brought like garnered sheaf;
"Till the day break," the legend on
The stone, stands out in bold relief.

THE TWO SENTINELS.

For other some, around the stone,
 Beneath which they were brought to lie,
The autumn winds had thickly strewn
 The leaves, whose time had come to die,
For some, on all the hillside lay
 God's snow, like wool, above the land ;
But summer time, or winter day.
 The stone doth near the dogwood stand.

What precious things beneath the stone
 Are hidden deep from mortal eye,
God knoweth, as to Him is known
 Where wedges of the red gold lie,
Where, in the sand, its secret nest,
 The bright-eyed diamond lies and sleeps,
And where the sea folds to its breast
 The pearl, and so the treasure keeps.

There lie they sleeping quietly
 While God keeps watch. They will not wake
Until the shadows flit and flee
 When the eternal morn shall break.
Angels sit by them, they who kept
 Unwearied watch in that lone tomb,
Where Jesus laid His head and slept
 A quiet sleep, in welcome gloom.

THE TWO SENTINELS.

Nay, but the silence and the gloom!—

And thus we make our moan of woe :—

Above, the gold-eyed daisies bloom,

But what is that to them below ?

Well, what is that to them that sleep

In perfect rest, with God o'erhead,

While strong and glorious angels keep

A faithful watch beside their bed ?

The world forgets them ! Be it so.

What is the world ? It never gave,

It cannot take. To God we owe

Life, love, here and beyond the grave.

“I know that my Redeemer liveth,”

Faith cries with lip of ecstasy,

And unto me this gift He giveth,

That in my flesh, God I shall see.

Keep watch above this holy dust

O tree and stone, God's sentinels !

His angels share the sacred trust,

He with His own beloved dwells.

Stand steadfastly before the door

Until He come, and find you there,

And then, your faithful service o'er,

The liberty of glory share.

In the garden a new sepulchre.

What place more strange could men have found
Wherein to plant the cross, than where
The flowers in clusters hid the ground,
And filled with fragrance all the air?

Did ever drearier shadow fall
Athwart the crimson and the gold,
Than when in its gaunt arms the tall
Grim cross the dying Christ did hold?

A garden near the cross, and there
A sepulchre! Light barred with gloom;
Amid the glory rare and fair
Of bloom and beauty, there a tomb!

But never yet had weary feet
Of sorrow, come with muffled tread,
Thither, to crush the blossoms sweet,
As they brought in their loved and dead.

IN THE GARDEN A NEW SEPULCHRE.

Nor would they, till they came to bring,
With tear and moan and smothered wail,
The body of the murdered King,
Beneath the paschal moonlight pale.

'Twas meet that in a garden bright
With blooms, the Champion's tomb should be ;
To sleep away the short still night,
And wake in immortality.

And meet for Him to wake 'mid flowers,
When angels rolled the stone away,
Where dew-drops, fallen in lavish showers,
Like lustrous jewels paved His way.

'Tis well for weary head to sleep
On the same pillow where He lay,
While heaven its vigil sure doth keep,
And ere long is the break of day.

And love may make a garden round
The place where sleep its own and His ;
Angels patrol the holy ground,
And Christ the Resurrection is.

At the Mile=Stone.

A moment at the mile-stone
Stay, thou of weary feet ;
The journey has been toilsome,
And rest is ever sweet.
Fresh purpose it may give thee,
This moment of delay,
And help thee meet with courage
The peril of the way.

Thou surely art no stranger
To toil and pain and tears,
Thy feet are bruised and bleeding,
Thy heart is sick with fears.
Where are the dear companions
Who started out with thee,
With lips so full of music,
And faces bright with glee ?

AT THE MILE-STONE.

How silent thou art standing,
And leaning on the stone !
Art thinking how they left thee
To journey on alone ?—
How bitter was the parting
When they said: "Let me go,"
And they went with the angels,
And thou,—alone, below.

How nearly hadst thou fallen
When sorrow smote thee sore,
And horrible temptation
Came to thee o'er and o'er !
"Where is thy God?" it mocked thee
With wild and cruel cry ;
"Where is my God?" thy heart said,
In woofullest reply.

Nay, lean upon the mile-stone,
And yet a moment stay,
And answer how thou camest
Through that dark cloudy day.
The dreary waste was trackless,
Thy heart was chilled with fear,
Alone, o'erwhelmed, hope dying,—
Yet, pilgrim, thou art here.

AT THE MILE-STONE.

Did no one hear thee saying:
 'Twere better far to die' ?
In that thine utter peril
 Was there no Helper nigh ?
No mortal eye could see Him,
 No sound fell on thine ear,
Yet Some One heard and helped thee,
 For, pilgrim, thou art here.

Where went they who went from thee
 To sleep beneath the sod ?
Thou knowest. They went swiftly
 And surely home to God.
That cost the awful ransom
 Christ gave on Calvary:
Partaker of Christ's sufferings
 Wilt thou refuse to be ?

For them the Father's mansion
 Has opened wide its door,
No sin, no pain, no sorrow,
 No tears forevermore.
Joy for them, safely gathered !
 And there they wait for thee,
Where years are never counted
 In love's eternity.

Faint yet Pursuing.

Wayworn pilgrim, weak and weary,
Burdened sore with care and sorrow,
Stumbling in the darkness dreary,
Dreading what may come to-morrow ;
Listen thou ! hear Jesus say :
"Lo, I am with you always !"

Is the heart within thee sinking
At the word to grief which calls thee ?
Is the weak flesh trembling, shrinking
From the cross whose pain appals thee ?
Hear the promise made to thee :
"As thy day thy strength shall be !"

Courage ! Christ will fail thee never ;
Wherefore shouldst thou faint or falter ?
Yesterday, to-day, forever,
He the same is ; what can alter
Heart of love or faithful word,
In thy loving, living Lord.

Though the night should grimly darken,
And the wind go shrieking by thee,
Through the tempest only hearken
To the voice of Jesus nigh thee—
Saying in the dreadful shade :
"It is I, be not afraid."

For a season.

Now ; for a season : only now,—
O weary, heavy-laden heart—
And only for a season, thou
Through manifold temptations art
In heaviness ; ere long the day
Will break, the shadows flee away.

O desolate, thou hast forgot
The helpful answer of thy Lord :
Now, what I do thou knowest not,
But thou shalt know it afterward.
Hereafter, thy glad eyes shall see
This was the way of life for thee.

FOR A SEASON.

Rest on His word ; His word is true,
Said He not plainly, long ago :
I know the thoughts I think toward you,
Peace, and not evil ; even so.
He giveth an expected end,
Thy faltering footsteps heavenward tend.

At present, doth the chastening yield
No joy to thee, but only pain ;
Plough, harrow, sun, and storm the field
Go over ; but the golden grain
At harvest-time the reapers bring,
And jocund is the song they sing.

Now, is but for a little while,
But, afterward, eternity.
Thy home,— doth it not make thee smile,—
Nearer, each step, He bringeth thee :
Ere long thy feet will reach the door,
Then, life and love for evermore.

If need be.

If need be ! That is known to Him
Who sits above
The glory-vested cherubim ;
For Whom and by Whom are all things ;
The mystery is deep and dim
To me ; not to the King of kings
Who reigns in love.

Who is to know whether need be ?
Not I, not I !
I, in the darkness, cannot see
Whither my feet are going, or
What dangers there may lurk for me,
What deadly foes my face before
In ambush lie.

IF NEED BE.

With sight so dim, and wit so small,
How could I know
More than on Him, my Lord, to call :—
Teach me Thy way, keep close beside,
And hold me, lest I trip and fall ;
Easy for steps of mine to slide,
And lay me low.

Nay, glad am I that 'tis not given
To me to choose :
To me, bewildered, tempest-driven,
How, in the darkness, could I find
The one safe way for me to heaven ?
Wilful and wayward, baffled, blind,
I could but lose.

And so, if there be need that I,
This toil and strife,
To reach the Father's house on high,
Should wearily, with wounded feet,
Keep yet,—so Thou art ever nigh,
To choose, to help, by what is meet
Bring me to life.

Took part of the same.

O Thou, whose filmed and failing eye,
Ere yet it closed in death,
Beheld Thy mother's agony
The shameful cross beneath !

Remember them, like her, through whom
The sword of grief is driven :
And oh, to cheer their cheerless gloom,
Be Thy dear mercy given !

Let Thine own word of tenderness
Drop on them from above :
Its music shall the lone heart bless,
Its touch shall heal with love !

O Son of Mary ! Son of God !
The way of mortal ill
By Thy blest feet in triumph trod,
Our feet are treading still ;

But not with strength like Thine, we go
This dark and dreadful way :
As Thou wert strengthened in Thy woe,
So strengthen us, we pray !

That they without us should not be
made perfect.

Not yet made perfect ! they without us ; no !
Read what the Spirit saith ; long, long ago
The words were written on the holy page,
That keeps its wasteless freshness, age on age.

How not made perfect ?—doth there linger taint
Of sin or sorrow on the robe of saint ?
Doth shadow darken uncreated light ?
Doth Paradise conceal a germ of blight ?

Is our faith vain, that in the eternal home,
Over the rest and peace can never come
A ripple : not the slightest trace of ill,
Over the love and life no breath of chill ?

THAT THEY WITHOUT US SHOULD NOT BE
MADE PERFECT.

Oh no, not this :—only the promise sweet,
That heavenly joy will never be complete
Till the last feet have stepped the threshold o'er,
And not a child is left outside the door;

When the whole family in heaven and earth
Is gathered home,—oh ecstasy of mirth !—
The eldest and the youngest, side by side,
No vacant place ; so, ever to abide.

We wait,—how wearily,—to see the door
Open for us ; love's clasp forevermore
To gain and keep ; love's ringing, welcome cry
To hear ; our own to have eternally.

But we are not the only ones who wait :
For on the other side the glowing gate
They stand, the blesséd, with their shining feet,
Waiting for us ; that will their heaven complete.

The Veil.

Close beside the veil I stand,
Longing, looking eagerly,
If there might touch mine the hand.
Mortal eye no more can see ;
Clasped in mine that went so long,
Clasp so tender and so strong.

Listening if some lightest tone
Might unto my eager ear,
Token to my spirit lone
Give of my beloved near.
Sweeter music could not be,
Of all music sweet, to me.

Dreaming, I can see the face,
Radiant with love's dear light ;
Waking, waiting, not a trace
Comes to greet my wistful sight.
Mine yet, though by me unseen,
Only hangs the veil between.

He will rend the veil I know,
When His wise and holy love
Deems it best for me, and so,—
Heart and hope in Him above—
Waiting, stand I trustfully,
Till as I am seen, I see.

No night there.

There shall be no night there !
Daybreak eternal, shadows fled away
Never to come again, sin, sorrow, care
Ended forever at the dawn of day.

And there they die no more !
Death hath no power save over mortal breath,
And they immortal are ; outside the door
Within which they are living, dead lies death.

No longer shall be time !
No sun to set, no moon to wane, no star
To struggle with the night ; no mournful chime
To count the hours ; heaven needs no calendar.

There no decrepitude
Will gain on strength, no weariness, no age,
No pain, no tears, no dreary solitude ;
And not a grave in that fair heritage.

In life's sweet ecstasy,
Not now in part, but even as they are known,
The blessed know, and face to face they see,
In light ineffable from the eternal throne.

Until the day break.

Oh the golden light adorning
Heaven's pellucid placid morning !
Not a shadow o'er it trailing,
Not a sound of woe or wailing
On its winsome music jarring,
Not a cloud its splendor marring;
Rarest, fairest, loveliest,
Perfect beauty, perfect rest !

Oh the clear unhindered vision
In the lustrous light elysian !
Where the beauty is resplendent,
And the peacefulness transcendent ;
Where decay can touch life, never ;
Where love's tenure is, forever ;
Where upon immortal eyes
Glows the light of Paradise.

UNTIL THE DAY BREAK.

Oh the gladness of the waking,
When the longed-for day is breaking !
Oh the pure ecstatic pleasure,
When to love its precious treasure,
In the safe and changeless heaven,
Will, forevermore, be given !
When the weary hears Him say :
Come,—and rises to obey.

Oh the rapture of re-union.
And the blissful sweet communion
Of the hearts, long-time asunder,
One in light, the other under
Sorrow's nightfall, day awaiting,
Never faith nor hope abating,
Be it peace, or be it pain :
Now, no more to part again !

Oh to see the King in beauty !
Heaven to find in love's glad duty !
In His radiant likeness glowing,
And as we are known, so knowing :
In the light that cannot alter,
In the love that cannot falter,
Every shadow fled away,
At the dawn of endless day.

Made so much better than the Angels.

Thrones, principalities, and powers,
Might, and dominion ; so, by name
He names His angels ; over ours
Their heavenly rank,—their feet of flame
Tread with step of potent kings
Where mortal men are impotent ;
And thus the Maker of all things,
To govern all things is content.

The seer, in the lonely isle
Of Patmos, saw in awful light
The marvels, which all other while
Are hidden deep from mortal sight.
The angel standing in the sun,
The angel with the power sublime
Over the winds ; that mighty one
Whose oath will end all mortal time.

MADE SO MUCH BETTER THAN THE ANGELS.

Nor only he ; the rocky door
Of the lone sepulchre swung wide
As came the angel ; on the floor
The grave-clothes dropped that morning tide
When rose The King ; the soldiers lay
Like dead men at the fearful sight ;
What wonder ! how could mortal clay,
Endure the awful heavenly light.

Till ends the age ;—and then the King
Of these angelic kings, will He.
The Father of all glory, bring
In matchless might and majesty,
And set Him far above them all,
“Blessed and Only Potentate,”
And at His flame-wrapped feet will fall
The grand, the glorious, the great ;

The First Begotten ; His the feet
Once torn by nails on Calvary ;
Angels His triumph vast will greet,
Will worship Him eternally.
And men, for whom the cross He bare.
Rescued, redeemed, and made His own,
Who bore on earth His cross, will share
His glorious, supernal throne.

Adoration.

Casting down their crowns before Thee ;
White-robed elders, Lord, adore Thee,
 Cherubim with lips of flame,
With them in the worship vieing,
“Holy, holy, holy ” crying,
 Laud and magnify Thy Name !

Lamb once slain, and Judah’s Lion,
Throned upon the heavenly Sion,
 Root of David, Thee they praise !
Singing : Glory, honor, power,
Are Thy wasteless, rightful dower,
 Throughout everlasting days.

And, like mighty thunderings o’er us,
Rolls the grand angelic chorus,
 In its awful majesty ;
Myriad rapturous tongues confessing :
“Wisdom, riches, glory, blessing,
 Lamb of God, belong to Thee.”

King of kings, and may our lowly
Mortal lips, the worship holy
 Dare to join, in faith and love !
Us on earth Thy life enfolding,
They in heaven Thy face beholding,
 Thy one Church, below, above.

The Remnant.

The toil worn feet at length have come
Close to the way-mark Heaven hath set,
To show how near the restful home,
How few the miles remaining yet.

A remnant only of the throng
That started out in brave array,
Alert and jocund, swift and strong,
Is this that falters up the way.

The rest,—for them the lucent gate
Swung wide ere they could faint or tire :
The blessed ! not for them to wait,
But hear the bidding : “ Come up higher ”!

And these are left the way to climb,
Nor dream of turning back again,
Nearer each day the edge of time,
The boundary of care and pain.

THE REMNANT.

Lonely, but not alone, for love
On earth, in heaven, the truest, best,
And His, all other love above,
Keep close beside the weariest.

Love, life of life, death cannot break :
How can it ? " Love is strong as death."
Death cannot hope or memory take,
Love-guarded till life's latest breath.

Through darkness into daylight fair
The way lies : was it not foretold ?
"The evening and the morning were
The first day : " runs the record old.

Evening comes first : night ends in light ;
The night grown darker, morn draws nigh,
The day-star rises, now the night
Far spent is : dawn is in the sky.

Thy will, not mine.

Help me Thy will, not mine, my Lord to make
My law, my life ; ever to choose and take
Thy way and not mine own ; always Thine own
Lovingly take for mine, and so be shown
The path of life, the safe, sure, blessed way,
All the night long till the eternal day.

Make me content to follow steadfastly
Where Thou dost lead ; in Thy dear life to see
Life's meaning, and Thy plan to me unfold
Gently, as Thou did'st to Thy saints of old ;
Make me Thy "via crucis, via lucis," know.
And my work finish ere I heavenward go.

Keep by me ever ; if the night be long
I will not murmur, I will sing the song
Thou givest in the night ; Thy company
Will cheer the way, will make night light to me
Till mine do meet me at the Father's door,
And we with Thee at home be, evermore.

My Portion.

Nothing have I, nothing have ever had

But what Thy love to me, my Lord, has given ;
And if that love has taken, yet the glad
Sweet truth remains, it still is mine in heaven.

O blesséd Lord, so well Thy work is done,

There is no need of its undoing; or
Of change of thought in Thee, the Holy One;
Once done, forever done; 'what could be more !

And so, content am I, come what there may

From Thee to me ; there can come never aught
But love has chosen it, and all my way,
Sunshine or shadow, is with blessing fraught.

MY PORTION.

Only such love as Thine would ever bear

Such weakness, folly, frowardness as mine ;
And still with gentle heavenly patience, care
For life like mine, enfolding it with Thine.

Whatever Thou hast taken, blesséd Lord,

From wild heart-cravings for a little while,
Thyself Thou leavest ; that can me afford
Hope, help, and peace ; amid my tears I smile.

Darkened, bewildered though my way become.

Chosen in love for me it is ; what more
Have I the right to ask ! it leads me home ;
These are the steps up to my Father's door.

The life immortal surely cannot be

Less than life mortal ; joyful, bright, and fair,
In love's dear wealth, Thou hast made that to me ;
Light, life, and love are changeless, endless there.

Wayside song.

My wayside song !
So far along,
By so much nearer home,
The weary feet have come.

A pilgrim yet,
Why should I fret,
Though there be hills of time,
Twixt me and that fair clime !

Work not yet done
I count each sun
Until I hear Him say :
Come ! and I speed away.

Sight no more dim
I shall see Him,—
Whom seeing not, I love,—
As they see Him above.

And so I wait,
Early and late,
Until His blesséd will
He doth in me fulfil.

Blesséd are they
Content to stay
Or go, as He the sign
Shall give, in love divine.

Love is strong as death.

The prophet took the lonely path
From Cherith's brook to Zarephath ;
Within the widow woman's door,
From her well-nigh exhausted store,
That did not fail, nor waste away,
To be sustained from day to day.

And when upon the prophet's bed,
Ere long, her only son lay dead,
Elijah prayed : and lo, the child
Was raised to life, and to the wild
Cry of the mother's agony.
See, thy son liveth : answered he.

The Master to the maiden dead,
"Talitha cumi" : gently said ;
And when the dead child heard Him speak,
The flush of life came to her cheek ;
She rose and walked, for life had come
To her, and gladness to her home.

LOVE IS STRONG AS DEATH.

Later, outside the gate of Nain
He met a sad funereal train;
And laid His hand upon the bier,
The while the bearers paused in fear.
Then calmly said : " Young man arise " !
And he sat up before their eyes.

And to his mother, — mother still, —
Jesus delivered him : until
Words lose their meaning this must stand,
This record ; that love's vital band,
The tie between them, e'en the strain
Of death could never rend in twain.

Beneath the palms in Bethany,
Beside the stricken sisters, He
Stood later still, confronting death.
And while they heard with bated breath,
He called His buried friend by name :
" Lazarus come forth " ! and Lazarus came.

To earth not only, but his home,
At Jesus' call, did Lazarus come,
His own place in that home to fill.
Mary's and Martha's brother still,
What joy of heart for loving eyes
Their own, restored, to recognize.

LOVE IS STRONG AS DEATH.

See Mary still at Jesus' feet !
And Lazarus risen, sit at meat
With Jesus ! while with manifold
And thankful love, just as of old,
Martha takes never thought of rest,
Intent to serve the Heavenly Guest.

And when the Lord of life and death,
Himself had yielded up His breath,
And on the resurrection morn,
Came living back to hearts forlorn
That loved Him. hear Him call each name :
"Mary." "My brethren" ! still the same.

All glory be to God ! above
All gift and grace abideth love.
Love is of God ; can never fail,
For God is love ; it will prevail
O'er every foe ; it mastereth
Death even ; love is strong as death.





